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SELECT TALES.

From the North American Magazine.

THE REVENGE OF THE REJECTED.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Thy cruel, woe delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern, resolved, despising eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.

Burns.

Twenty years subsequent to the Pequod war, and during the latter days of Cromwell's iron sovereignty, an English gentleman, of better birth than fortune, and happier manners than religious faith, sought refuge from public and private evils among the rigid Remonstrants of New England. The princes and prelates, who, for a thousand years, had trampled on the heart of man, amid the tortures of tyranny, the pageants of royal and the mummeries of pontifical pride, had been limited in their prerogatives or hurled from their thrones. The chain of idea and action was shattered; the great fountains of human thought were broken up; and many a wreck of ancient days was driven over the turbulent and stormy billows. The old, accustomed, and long-revered authorities of kingdom and hierarchy having been cast aside, in the puritan republic of England, no magnet of intellect could attract and concentrate the adverse opinions thus flung loose upon the tempest of the times; and we may not marvel that Uriah Easterbrooke, sharing, as he did, much of the strange learning and enthusiasm of the age, should plunge into the chaos of events and come forth, at last, more bewildered, restless, and unblest than ever. The profoundly religious character of his mind became dark and desponding; a life the most austere succeeded one in the highest degree urbane and liberal; the severest separation followed the most amiable benevolence and love; and the admired cavalier of Charles sunk into the gloomy zealot and anchorite of Cromwell. Overwrought conceptions of human perfectibility had ended with him, as with many other visionary spirits, in sickening disgust and despair of human improvement; and the dark shadows of a thousand beautiful dreams clouded the soul of the idealist. He had heard the swirling waves mourn over the royal galleon as it went down in darkness; he had seen the wide and troubled sea covered with ruin and death; the last gasp of the last doomed swimmer had died upon his ear; but no power, like an angel of might and love, had breathed peace over the agitated waters—no voice had exorcised the evil spirit of revolution and terror—want, fear, and despotism yet haunted the bosom of man—and Uriah Easterbrooke was a hopeless ascetic.

His wife, the only sister of Sir Arthur Adair, exerted all the influence, which singular beauty and a gifted mind confer upon a woman of devoted affections, to recreate the spirit of Easterbrooke; but, though none could love with intenser fervor than the enthusiast, the baffled ambition of his earlier years, the humbled hopes, the quenched philanthropy, the darkened visions of his mature age, had fallen, like an avalanche, upon his high-toned mind, and the power to direct his perverted thoughts at length rested no longer with humanity. The friend of Milton, Hampden, and Vane, deeming the presbyterianism, as then established, little better than papacy, and the remorseless violence of the Protectorate worse than the crimes of monarchy, resolved, still with the vague hope of finding the saturnian realm of his imagination, to seek in America that liberty of worship, purity of heart, and simplicity of government, which existed no longer in England.

Accompanied by his wife, two sons, and the little worldly wealth which generosity had left him, he arrived at Boston. The sublimity of nature, the novelty of his situation, and the occupations consequent upon settlement in a new country, for a time engrossed and relieved his brooding mind. His lovely wife began to congratulate him upon this dispersion of gloom—this awakening of his youthful feeling—and the winter fire-

sides of their hermitage were cheered by pleasant hopes of happier days about to dawn upon them, and the children of their love. This rainbow of the wilderness dissolved in tears. The tide of religious dissension then overspread the land; sectarian bitterness infected all social intercourse and inspired each man with distrust of his neighbor; tales of witchcraft and sorcery, of damnable heresies and diabolical possession, of prodigies and *thaumaturgia*, flew like poisoned arrows over the country; fasts of purification were proclaimed, synods assembled, oracles and omens abounded, and the minds of men were tossed on the rapid waves of doubt and dread and horror. No one was safe from ecclesiastical inquisition; no opinions, unsanctioned by general convocations, escaped without censure and punishment; all true believers were summoned to assert their credence and the credibility of occurrences in their nature impossible and contradictory in their relations; and the excommunication of all, who scrutinized and doubted either abstruse points of faith or the motives of the witnesses of witchcraft, was speedily followed by banishment beyond the jurisdiction of the colonists. Easterbrooke was soon required to manifest his creed, that the presbytery might receive him into their fellowship and communion; and this very requisition, as it implied coercion of thought, agitated and incensed a spirit, which, like that of Milton, was accustomed to enter into no mortal recognizances. He met the ministers in conference; an angry theological discussion ensued; the examiners asserted what was the orthodox law and gospel, Uriah remonstrated and argued, they became zealously affected and profuse of epithet, he reminded them that there was, at least, one gentleman in the assembly, they recriminated, he replied, and the congress dissolved, the high contracting powers being determined to expatriate a schismatic, and the disappointed Optimist resolved to maintain his freedom. Why, at this early period, he was driven to this expression of his faith he could not readily comprehend; nor was it easy to imagine the cause of that avoidance and ill will which, even previous to the discussion, many had evidently exhibited towards him; but, from whatever source this renewed misfortune originated, the proud spirit of Easterbrooke was not daunted by menace nor startled from its propriety by secret hostility.

"Bigotry, superstition, and misrule seem to have chosen this country as their selectest abode," said Easterbrooke; and unfortunately for his peace and pleasure, he was not reluctant to express this opinion without reserve or diminution. The effects were soon apparent. In imitation of a religious order, whom the non-jurors held in ineffable horror, namely, the society of Jesus, the ministers reported Uriah as a heretic and seditious person, and delivered him over to the civil authority. Without allowing him much latitude for repentence, the administrators of laws, not a little regicide and Levitical, banished the unhappy gentleman beyond the limits of Massachusetts Bay. Had he not known that the same inquisition and obloquy and ostracism would pursue him into the colonies of Plymouth and New Haven, he was now too indignant at the illegal and irreligious measures practised against him, to seek the society of those who inflicted judgments as intolerant and unjust as those of the Star Chamber, from which they had fled to the forest. Improving, therefore, the little time left him to sell his hermitage and land, which the order of the court required him almost to sacrifice, so hurried was its command and so politely slow were the chaffering purchasers, he was ready to depart, a banished man, to the frontier, when he was suddenly arrested, and, without explanation, thrown into prison. Three days of gloom, suspense, and anguish passed, and no eye of compassion gazed upon his solitude—no ear of mercy listened to his inquiries of his offence or the condition of his family—and no voice broke the silence of his prisonhouse save that of the sallow, bloated, and brutal, though sermonizing gaoler. It was near the fourth midnight of his imprisonment, when Easterbrooke started from his straw pallet at the voice of his eldest son. "Rise, rise, my dear father! you are free!" and the noble youth, then

about fourteen, raised his unfortunate parent and hurried him from the cell. "Why, Edward, what in the name of heaven does this outrage and silence and mystery mean? Where's your mother? and why have I been left in this awful doubt? Answer me, my son! what does this mean?"

"Dear father! let us hasten now—mother will explain all!" and the whole frame of the generous and high-minded boy trembled less with fear than with unutterable rage and grief. A rude carriage, in which Mrs. Easterbrooke, with her younger son, awaited her unfortunate lord, stood before the prison; and Uriah, as he entered it in darkness, felt the anxious grasp of his wife, and heard, with dismay, her whispered injunction of silence. Amid troubled and conflicting thoughts, the vehicle left behind the abodes of men, and, with such speed as the forest road allowed, traversed the solitary and midnight wilds. Then, while no human habitation was near, and scarce a vestige of civilized life was around them, the beautiful but homeless wanderer poured forth the anguish of her spirit upon the bosom of her husband, and relieved the agony of his suspense by the relation of events which awoke long dormant passions and perilous thoughts in his soul. Amidst all the wild conjectures of his prisonhouse, the true cause of his solitude and desertion had never glanced across his imagination; and now, in the gladness of his freedom and the safety of his only friend on earth, he gazed upon the savage wilderness, and folded his wife and children to a bruised and bleeding heart. "Oh! is it possible?" said he. "Could a thousand leagues separate us neither from priestly persecution nor private revenge? Could not even the desert be a Zoar unto us? But we shall baffle both inquisitor and rustian now; and may the Eternal Watcher of creation shield you, love, from such another trial of that affection in which I am yet too blessed!"

The loneliest and most savage forest seemed now the only refuge of the banished family; and with many a sigh, passing far beyond the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts, they sheltered themselves from persecution and the storms of coming winter, in a deserted blockhouse on one of the small islands of Narragansett Bay. The dangers and sufferings of their journey through almost pathless woods; the desolation of their only asylum among dense forests and Indians who had drunk at the white man's cup of perdition; the utter friendlessness of their situation and the outrages which they had lately borne; conspiring with the thousand privations to which they were destined, produced in the mind of this wretched family anguish and terror beyond the power of language to develop. But these bitter trials gave birth to very different feelings and sentiments in the members of the dreary household. The fine intellect of Uriah seemed utterly prostrated; the misanthropy of misfortune settled into despair; the lightning of his youthful spirit expired in the dark clouds of his sorrows; and but for the unlooked-for hospitality of some Wampanoags, who brought corn and game to their dwelling of famine, the stricken and despising outcast might have perished without hope or struggle. In the mind of his wife calamity created less disastrous thoughts; but hidden agony preyed upon her heart, and the strength of her slight frame was altogether unfitted to sustain the inflictions of wandering want and the constantly excited energies of her mind. Day by day, she sank beneath the burden; night followed night and the hectic rose tinged her pallid cheek, the cough and cold sweats of consumption visited her wretched couch, while the winds, echoed in the naked woods, smote upon her helpless spirit. One hope alone sustained her sinking nature; she did not yet despair of consigning her children and husband to the friendship and love of her brother, and laying her weary head to rest on the bosom of her native land. This last deep desire of her affectionate heart consoled her during the long and terrible winter, and enabled her to spread around her consolation in the midst of adversity, but upon neither parent did these afflictions fall with such woeful effect as upon their eldest son. Impetuous, high-minded, and proud from the first dawn of his mind—solitary, sensitive, and thoughtful beyond his

years—he gazed upon the successive woes and persecutions of his parents with a concentrated intensity of rage for which language has no expression. The animosity of his father's foes—the fear and grief of his mother's soul—the gloom and poverty and wretchedness of their banishment—all found a home in his fiery bosom. Silent and sullen, he watched the workings of a desolated intellect and the ravages of suffering; and the fiend of revenge entered the habitation of his darkened thoughts, and reveled there.

The protracted season of frost, snow, and hail went by; and the beautiful sun of spring threw verdure over the forest, brightness on the waters, and beauty on the sky: but save in the mitigation of bodily want and suffering, there was little change in the condition of the banished family. The only face in the rude dwelling, that wore even a transient look of pleasure or forgotten grief, was that of little Raymond Easterbrooke; yet tears mingled with his smiles, when he lifted his beautiful head in his solitary sports, and gazed upon his father's quivering brow or his mother's wasted face, or saw his brother Edward standing with folded arms and looking, with a dreadful smile, upon the fierce death-struggle of the rattlesnake and copperhead. When, in pursuit of game, the brooding melancholy youth wandered around the shores of the island, he would often pause, for an unreckoned time, on the breezy edge of the bluffs, and watching some lonely sail in the horizon or Indian pirogue beneath, pour out his spirit in passionate exclamations. These moody and dark outbursts of thought passed neither unobserved nor unadmonished by his mother; but the unfortunate lady was rapidly sinking into helplessness and the grave, and her yet more unfortunate husband seemed rather a breathing statue than an ardent visionary philosopher.

The vernal night, illuminated by a late-risen moon, had passed its mid hour; and the unhappy family of the blockhouse, wearied by suffering and sickened by hope delayed—(for though Mrs. Easterbrooke had written for remittances to her brother Sir Arthur, she had received no answer to her earnest solicitation,) were unquietly sleeping on their wretched flockbed, dreaming of old memories and parted friends, and all these pleasant scenes which had been the paradise of their youthful love. Edward alone sat by an open window that overlooked the isles and waters of the bay, and commanded a picturesque view of Mount Hope; but, though the moonlight fell like a shower of diamonds upon the bosom of the deep, and played with magical loveliness among the foliage and rocks of the mountain, the poor boy felt no gladness in the smile of beauty, nor sympathy in the romance of nature. One awful thought burned within his bosom, and withered every unfolding flower of fancy or of feeling. He suddenly snatched a loaded musket, which stood beside him, and drew back the trigger. "There was a sound of breath and stealing feet!" thought he. "Whatever foe comes here, I know but one law now—kill! kill!" He started back from the moonlight, and placing his ear by an aperture in the wall, he listened. "Again! it creeps along the bushes like a guilty thing; a wolf or panther would be bolder. I heard a whisper in the copse, and now it comes once more. 'T is strange—the Indians have been our friends, and no white man has ever crossed our threshold. O God! a thought comes over me! If it be that villain of villains, I will bid him we come with death—leth—death!" Edward drew back into the deeper shadows as the sound crept on, and seemed to rise beneath the very window; and he distinctly heard the whispered words, "No! no! not there!" and then a quickened movement among the dried leaves of the wood. All again was still; utter silence, save the screechowl's hoot, brooded over earth and heaven. Edward lost not that wonderful composure and confidence of mind, which, in one so very young, seemed to have been the inspiration of misfortune. Gently he opened the door of the unfinished and untrushe room in which his parents slept, and saw the holy light of heaven resting like a revelation upon the careworn and trouble faces of earth's pilgrims; but, until more certain of just cause for alarm, he would not break those slumbers which brought the only joys his parents could now partake. He returned to the window and looked forth. A soft low breeze just lit the dewy leaves, and the shadows of the giant trees fell broad and deep around; but no evidence of human life was there. "Would to God I could interpret this!" said the youth. A sudden blaze, that filled the whole house with internal light, burst from the chamber of his parents; the same instant, a bullet through the window grazed the head of Edward, and an Indian, horribly besmeared and

evidently maddened by liquor, sprung at the open casement. Uncertain in his drunken vision, the spring which he had intended should bear him through the window, only brought his breast upon the sill; and the shock of his unintended fall hurled his tomahawk from his hand across the room. Uninjured, but infuriated by the fall, Edward rushed like a wounded tiger, grasped the fallen hatchet, and, ere a moment few, or the Indian moved, severed his head from his body.

But the trunk had scarcely fallen to the earth, and the horrid lips yet quivered with the last breath, when another red assailant appeared. More intoxicated even than the first, he twice vainly attempted the escalade; and still another proved the condition to which the native warriors had been reduced before they consented to engage in this midnight assault. "Down! down! you cowards—leave your master's pathway free!" cried a voice, whose tones fell upon Edward's soul like the trumpet-blasts of vengeance; and, within the laps of a breath, the form of him most feared and hated of all earth's creatures shot through the window, rose, and stood face to face with Edward. "So, you thought to escape me?" said he, with an archfiend's sneer. "How should earth hide your father from my wrath, or your mother from my love, when hell itself shall never do it?" and the monster yelled with fury.

"Villain! leathsome villain! meet the fate you merit!" cried the dauntless boy, and springing suddenly aside, he fired. The stranger slightly reeled; but, instantly recovering himself, rushed upon Edward with uplifted sword and the face of a fiend. "Turn, thou image of hell! if thou art a man, meet one; war not upon a boy!" cried Easterbrooke, flying from the flames of his dwelling to the rescue of his child. His wife, like a shadow from the tomb, stood trembling behind her husband, amidst the glare of the crackling flames, and imploringly extending her almost transparent hands, in voiceless eloquence, towards the terrible foe. But he, grappling in deadly strife with Easterbrooke, remarked not her attitude, nor her presence there. Urian had been a man of great personal strength and courage; and even now, he struggled fiercely with the powerful enemy, while Edward, though bewildered and staggering from the effects of his wound, hurried on to the assistance of his father. "Ho!" yelled the panting stranger, with one hand grasping the throat of the now prostrate Easterbrooke, and with the other warding the blows of Edward, while fiery particles fell from the burning roof upon their coiling bodies, "ho! where are the drunken hellhounds? Come on! come on!" and through the fire and smoke of the devoted blockhouse, two or three Indians staggered on, and, under the instinctive guidance of a love of havoc, (for they were obviously unconscious of their cause of action,) reached the scene of contest just in time to shield the stranger from a mortal blow of Edward's tomahawk. The battle was soon consummated. Overwhelmed and beaten down, the fearless boy fought with the violence of desperation, till the hatchet of a savage descended with resistless force upon his brain, and he no longer saw or felt the terrors of the scene. Urian now lay exposed to the fiendish rage of the stranger, who waved the Indians away with haughty derision, re-eraring for himself alone the slaughter of his victim. Till this moment, the dying wife had seemed paralyzed with horror; but now, with the last strength of her nature, she threw herself forward upon the body of her husband at the very instant the sword of the stranger fell. "God of vengeance!" howled the murderer, "the life blood of the only heart on earth I ever loved is on my accursed soul! but damned as I must be, it shall not be only for the death of the beloved; the agony and blood of the hated shall rise up against me in the day of perdition!" and, stamping with the phrenzy of mingled remorse and revenge upon the face of Easterbrooke, he snatched a tomahawk from one of the stupefied savages, and, with all his strength, aimed a blow at the head of Urian. But the last spasms of death now convulsed the wanderer's unhappy wife, and, struggling to breathe the last incense of her consecrated love upon his lips, she threw her arm across the brow and laid her head upon the bosom of her husband as the final blow of the assassin fell. "Is all hell in arms against me, that I can not strike except upon that form for which I have vainly lost my heaven?" cried the stranger. "There—there is the last groan of her agony, and she has gone to the realms of bliss to be through all eternity my accuser—condemnor—and curse. Almighty Avenger! in mercy blast me now!"

"Owannux! Owannux!" cried an Indian from the forest.

"Why, what should send the English here at such a time as this? to track the shedder of guiltless blood. The fire swirls round me—but there's a wilder fire in my heart and brain, that will burn, and burn, and burn, till hell gives up its holocausts. Away! away!"

"Owannux! Owannux!" repeated the voice without. "Quick! quick! there's blood enough shed; take yon trembling boy beyond the flames—leave him—and fly to the boats. Keep a wary eye upon the comers, who ever they are, and let none follow. Mark now! be softer and subtler—quick!" The stranger was gone like a bloody arrow through the wilderness; Raymond, then about eight years old, was dragged from the bodies of his parents, and left under an oak—and the Indians vanished like a vision of the night.

They had scarcely disappeared when the armed crew of a coaster, then entering the bay, ascended the bluff, and espied the horror-stricken child. To their rapid questions he could only reply—"the house! the house!" and with the generous self-abandonment so characteristic of sailors, they rushed amidst the blazing ruins. Poor Raymond's heart throbbed wildly, but its pulses were yet few, when the mariners returned, bearing the three bodies upon their lusty shoulders. With many a sea oath and exclamation, the crew conveyed the living and the dead on board the trader. Kindness and skill restored Easterbrooke and Edward to conscious misery. The inhabitants of the seaport to which the vessel was bound, by every act of love and sympathy, sought to heal the wounded minds of father and son, and win back the gentle feelings of their better days. But, tho' the powers of the body were soon restored, nothing could touch the mind. Poor Easterbrooke wept over the burial of his wife, and Edward gave the last tears of tenderness to a mother whom he adored; but the one henceforth held no communion with humankind, and the other gave all his thoughts to vengeance.

One morning a letter to Sir Arthur Acair and a purse of gold were found by the pillow on which Urian had reposed by the side of his son Raymond; but the writer had disappeared, and though, a few days afterwards, a gentleman came with Easterbrooke's directions to take his child to England, no farther knowledge of the unhappy man existed in the minds of any. Edward had departed even before his father; none knew whither. Many conjectures were indulged, and many an anxious wish expressed to learn the destiny of the noble youth; but forgetfulness gradually grew over the memories of the family of Easterbrooke, as the sods of the valley grew over the moulderer victim.

USEFUL EXTRACTS.

READING.—A person should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind, as a well-behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but, if after all his care and pains, there still should be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over without noticing the circumstance and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw any damp on his spirits. For who would tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table, with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing put before him. And yet you may fall in with a still worse set than even these—with churls, that in all companies will condemn and pull to pieces a work which they had never read. The man who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own and other men's envy and malignity.—*Erasmus.*

IMAGINATION.—Imagination is certainly one of the best gifts of God to man. It is the source of our most elevated and least earthly pleasures; and, when the heart is weary and oppressed with the humble and most familiar vexations of the actual world, we can escape to that other world of poetry, and there, dwelling amid bright and happy thoughts—forget them.

A cultivated imagination forms the appropriate and elegant distinction of the female mind. Thrown less than man into the rude collisions of society—woman has ample opportunity of indulging those delicate and spiritual attributes of her being, which throw around her a halo and a charm. Nature seems to have intended, and man to require, that she should be a creature of poetry.—*Thoughts upon Education.*

TO RESTORE MANUSCRIPTS BECOME ILLEGIBLE FROM TIME.—Moisten the writing gently with a decoction of gall-nuts, in which a little vinegar has been infused.

MECHANICS.

An opinion both dangerous and pernicious to the mechanics of our country, is prevailing among the majority of them. They imagine that literature, science, and general information, are unnecessary to them; and that if they are acquainted with the commonest rules of arithmetic, reading, writing, and the trade to which they are called, they have all the acquirements their business demands. What have we to do, say they, with polite literature, with history, with the deeper branches of mathematics, the art of composition, eloquence, philosophy, &c.? They have nothing to do with our profession; we are to get our bread by the sweat of the brow; and we leave these branches of education to the ministers, the doctors, and the lawyers of the land.

Now as long as sentiments like these prevail among mechanics and the laboring classes of the community, so long they will be doomed to an intellectual and political slavery by the better educated classes; so long they are doomed to be stripped of their power, and to be ridden by ambitious and designing men. When mechanics are really convinced that knowledge is power, and that the educated part of society give laws to the rest, they will wake up from their stupor, and stir themselves to get this power into their own hands. It is not the wealthy that rule in our legislative councils, in societies, in politics, in town meetings, and the every day concerns of life; it is not the aristocratic part of the community that have sway over the rest; but it is the educated, the active, the intelligent, who are the Emperors and Kings of our country; men of superior intelligence, who feel the power within them, and who exert it too to sway the rest.

As matters are now arranged in our country, the lawyers are the only men of whom we have to complain; they get into all the seats of power; they give laws to the community, and then set about executing them; they are invested with both the legislative and executive power; the ability to make what laws they please, and the power to execute them as they please; they frame our laws, sit in our Councils, are our Judges, our Justices, our Presidents, our Governors, our Selectmen, our Overseers; they creep into every seat of power from the lowest grade, till they reach the last goal of their ambition in the highest office in the gift of the people. The question now arises, from what source do they derive this immense power? Is it from the superior talents of the profession, from superior wealth, or superior wealth? We think not. This profession is undoubtedly the most intelligent portion of the community; and to this source may be traced all its influence over society in general. Divines and physicians are equally intelligent; but their avocations do not lead them to mingle so much in the business, the uproar, and the excitement of the world; and as they are less active, they consequently have less influence. Lawyers are not only the most intelligent part of the community who mingle in the affairs of the world, but they are far the most active; they exert themselves the most, in order to obtain the most influence.

Mechanics might have this same power, yea, much more; for the feelings and the majority of the world are on their side; they have an interest, too, in propping up themselves, in building up their own professions; and now if they had the information to direct their energies aright, they would have within themselves an irresistible influence over the destinies of others. Mechanics do not hold that rank in society they might hold if they please, and which they are entitled to hold by the good they do to mankind. But make every mechanic feel the deep necessity of cultivating his mind, and drawing out its hidden treasures; make him feel that his mental power over society, as in fact it does, depends upon the quantity of information he acquires; let him believe that tact and skill, and a knowledge of the human character, are as necessary to him as a

knowledge of his tools, and you give that mechanic his due proportion of influence with the world.

But we are stopped at once and told by the mechanic, he has no leisure to cultivate his intellect; his every day avocations demand all his attention and time. It is no such thing. Every man, even the busiest, the most industrious, has leisure enough if he is disposed to spend that leisure as he ought, instead of whirling it away in trifling and idleness. Put these questions to yourself, and see if you have no leisure. How many evenings do you spend in idleness, in lounging, in useless talk, in beating the streets? How many more hours are devoted to sleep than are necessary for your health? How much of the Sabbath, aside from all hours due to devotion, is entirely wasted, when all might have been spent in reading valuable books? It is a fanciful idea that people have, when they say an education can not be obtained without money and teachers.

The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untried path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal; with Kings in his anti-chamber, begging for vacant thrones; with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Let mechanics, then, make use of the hours at their disposal. They are the life-blood of the community; they can, if they please, hold in their hands the destinies of our republic; they are numerous, respectable, and powerful; they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to form laws for the nation.—*Portland Gazette.*

CHARACTER.

It is ever to be kept in mind that a *good name* is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion*. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is not a necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station; but the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever may be your external circumstances, is entirely within your own power.

No young man, however humble his birth or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eye upon the prize, and press towards it in a course of virtuous conduct, and it is his. And it is interesting to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honor and usefulness, by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found in great numbers in each of the learned professions, and every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort. Indeed, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue.

APHORISMS.

To be esteemed a good neighbor, do little friendly offices with a good grace, and gratefully repay the smallest favor; to please in conversation, learn to hear and know when to speak; and, to correct your foibles, mark their effects in others.

If the spring put forth no blossoms—in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

The best of riches is contentment; the worst of poverty is low spirits.

LITERARY PERIODICALS.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, EDITED BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.—The establishment of a periodical work, which shall mingle independence of opinion with personal courtesy, and instruction with amusement, appears to be an object both of private ambition and public desire. That the Literature of America may prosper—that talent may receive its merited reward, and dulness its due punishment—it becomes the imperative duty of all who assume the responsibility of criticism, to exercise their judgment unrestricted by circumstances, and unaffected by disappointed vanity. It is alike incumbent upon them to render applause and censure as they are deserved; to analyze literary pretensions, and avoid individual abuse; and to awaken these free Republics to a proud sense of their universal independence.

While America confides in the natural resources of vast and fruitful territories—while her political power and prosperity are guarded by laws insubordinate to the fierce passions of the multitude—her intellectual should keep pace with her moral independence; and the inheritance of an enlightened people should include the right, not merely of minor literary suffrage, but of unquestionable decision. It is expected by every man who honors the land of his birth, that these powerful States will render hereafter, not the homage of unqualified worship, but the dignified respect due from intelligence equal to that of Britain in her proudest days.

To all, whose patriotism approves these sentiments, this Prospectus is very respectfully submitted. There are occasion and opportunity, it is thought, for the establishment and prosperity of a well conducted work, which, while it never ceases to appreciate the undoubted merit of foreign intellect, will devote its best energies to the advancement of our own literature, and the just renown of those who are the ornaments of its success.

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SCIENCE.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

ON THE VITALITY OF TOADS ENCLOSED IN STONE AND WOOD.

BY THE REV. W. BUCKLAND, PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

In the month of November, 1825, I commenced the following experiments, with a view to explain the frequent discoveries of toads enclosed within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that are said to have no communication with the external air.

In one large block of coarse oolitic limestone, (the Oxford oolite from the quarries of Heddington,) twelve circular cells were prepared, each about one foot deep and five inches in diameter, and having a groove or shoulder at its upper margin, fitted to receive a circular plate of glass, and a circular slate to protect the glass; the margin of this double cover was closed round, and rendered impenetrable to air and water by a luting of soft clay. Twelve smaller cells, each six inches deep and five inches in diameter, were made in another block of compact siliceous sandstone, viz. the Pennant Grit of the Coal formation near Bristol; these cells also were covered with similar plates of glass and slate, cemented at the edge by clay. The object of the glass covers was to allow the animals to be inspected, without disturbing the clay so as to admit external air or insects into the cell. The limestone is so porous that it is easily permeable by water, and probably also by air; the sandstone is very compact.

On the 20th of November, 1825, one live toad was placed in each of the above-mentioned twenty-four cells, and the double cover of glass and slate placed over each of them and cemented down by the luting of clay; the weight of each toad in grains was ascertained and noted by Dr. Daubeny and Mr. Dillwyn, at the time of their being placed in the cells; that of the smallest was one hundred and fifteen grains, and of the largest one thousand one hundred and eighty-five grains. The large and small animals were distributed in equal proportion between the limestone and the sandstone cells.

These blocks of stone were buried together in my garden beneath three feet of earth, and remained unopened until the 10th of December, 1826, on which day they were examined. Every toad in the smaller cells of the compact sandstone was dead, and the bodies of most of them so much decayed, that they must have been dead some months. The greater number of those in the larger cells of porous limestone were alive. No. 1, whose weight when immured was nine hundred and twenty-four grains, now weighed only six hundred and ninety-eight grains. No. 5, whose weight when immured was one thousand one hundred and eighty-five grains, now weighed one thousand two hundred and sixty-five grains. The glass cover over this cell was slightly cracked, so that minute insects might have entered; none, however, were discovered in this cell; but in another cell, whose glass was broken, and the animal within it dead, there was a large assemblage of minute insects, and a similar assemblage also on the outside of the glass of a third cell. In the cell No. 9, a toad which, when put in, weighed nine hundred and eighty-eight grains, had increased to one thousand one hundred and sixteen grains, and the glass over it was entire; but as the luting of the cell within which this toad had increased in weight was not particularly examined it is probable there was some aperture in it, by which small insects found admission. No. 11 had decreased from nine hundred and thirty-six grains to six hundred and fifty-two grains.

When they were first examined in December, 1826, not only were all the small toads dead, but the larger ones appeared much emaciated, with the two exceptions above mentioned. We have already stated that these probably owed their increased weight to the insects, which had found access to the cells and became their food. The deaths of every individual of every size in the smaller cells of compact sandstone, appears to have resulted from a deficiency in the supply of air, in consequence of the smallness of the cells, and the impermeable nature of the stone; the larger volume of air originally enclosed in the cells of the limestone, and the porous nature of this stone itself (permeable as it is slowly by water and probably also by air) seems to have favored the duration of life to the animals enclosed in them without food.

It should be noticed that there is a defect in these experiments, arising from the treatment of the twenty-four toads, before they were enclosed in the blocks of

stone. They were shut up and buried on the 26th of November, but the greater number of them had been caught more than two months before that time, and had been imprisoned altogether in a cucumber frame, placed on common garden earth, where the supply of food to so many individuals was probably scanty, and their confinement unnatural, so that they were in an unhealthy and somewhat meagre state at the time of their imprisonment. We can therefore scarcely argue with certainty from the death of all those individuals within two years, as to the duration of life which might have been maintained, had they retired spontaneously, and fallen into the torpor of their natural hibernation in good natural condition.

The results of our experiments amount to this; all the toads, both large and small, inclosed in sandstone, and the small toads in the limestone also, were dead at the end of thirteen months. Before the expiration of the second year, all the large ones also were dead; these were examined several times during the second year through the glass cover of the cells, but without removing them to admit air; they appeared always awake with their eyes open, and never in a state of torpor, their meagre ness increasing at each interval in which they were examined, until at length they were found dead; those two, also, which had gained an accession of weight at the end of the first year, and were then carefully closed up again, were emaciated and dead before the expiration of the second year.

At the same time that these toads were enclosed in three holes cut for this purpose, on the north side of the trunk of an apple tree; two being placed in the largest cell, and each of the others in a single cell; the cells were nearly circular, about five inches deep and three inches in diameter; they were carefully closed up with a plug of wood, so as to exclude access of insects, and apparently were air-tight; when examined at the end of a year, every one of the toads was dead and their bodies were decayed.

From the fatal result of the experiments made in the small cells cut in the apple tree, and the block of compact sandstone, it seems to follow that toads can not live a year excluded totally from atmospheric air; and from the experiments in the larger cells within the block of oolitic limestone, it seems probable that they can not survive two years entirely excluded from food; we may therefore conclude, that there is a want of sufficiently minute and accurate observation in those so frequently recorded cases, where toads are said to be found alive within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that had no communication whatever with the external air. The fact of my two toads having increased in weight at the end of a year, notwithstanding the care that was taken to enclose them perfectly by a luting of clay, shows how very small an aperture will admit minute insects sufficient to maintain life. In the cell No. 5, where the glass was slightly cracked, the communication though small was obvious; but in the cell No. 9, where the glass cover remained entire, and while it appears certain, from the increased weight of the enclosed animal, that insects must have found admission, we have an example of these minute animals finding their way into a cell, to which great care had been taken to prevent any possibility of access.

Admitting, then, that toads are occasionally found in cavities of wood and stone, with which there is no communication sufficiently large to allow the ingress and egress of the animal enclosed in them, we may, I think, find a solution of such phenomena in the habit of these reptiles, and of the insects which form their food. The first effort of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees. An individual, which, when young, may have thus entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which like itself seek shelter within such cavities, and may soon have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again, through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances. In the case of toads, snakes, and lizards, that occasionally issue from stones that are broken in a quarry, or in sinking wells, and sometimes even from strata of coal at the bottom of a coal mine, the evidence is never perfect to show that the reptiles were entirely enclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made until the reptile is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained, and then it is too late to as-

certain without carefully replacing every fragment (and in no case that I have seen reported has this ever been done) whether or not there was any hole or crevice by which the animal may have entered the cavity from which it was extracted. Without previous examination it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures. We have a notorious example of this kind in the lizard found in a chalk pit, and brought alive to the late Dr. Clarke. In the case also of wells and coal pits, a reptile that had fallen down the well or shaft, and survived its fall, would seek its natural retreat in the first hole or crevice it could find, and the miner dislodging it from this cavity, to which his previous attention had not been called, might in ignorance conclude that the animal was coeval with the stone from which he had extracted it.

It remains only to consider the case, (of which I know not any authenticated example), of toads that have been said to be found in cavities within blocks of limestone to which, on careful examination, no access whatever could be discovered, and where the animal was absolutely and entirely closed up with stone. Should any such case ever have existed, it is probable that the communication between this cavity and the external surface had been closed up by stalactitic encrustation after the animal had become too large to make its escape. A similar explanation may be offered of the much more probable case of a live toad being entirely surrounded with solid wood. In each case the animal would have continued to increase in bulk so long as the smallest aperture remained by which air and insects could find admission; it would probably become torpid as soon as this aperture was entirely closed by the accumulation of stalactite or the growth of wood; but it still remains to be ascertained how long this state of torpor may continue under total exclusion from food, and from external air; and although the experiments above recorded show that life did not extend two years in the case of any one of the individuals which formed the subjects of them, yet, for reasons that have been specified, they are not decisive to show that a state of torpor, or suspended animation, may not be endured for a much longer time by toads that are healthy and well fed up to the moment when they are finally cut off from food, and from all direct access to atmospheric air.

The common experiment of burying a toad in a flower-pot covered with a tile, is of no value, unless the cover be carefully luted to the pot, and the hole at the bottom of the pot also closed, so as to exclude all possible access of air, earthworms, and insects. I have heard of two or three experiments of this kind, in which these precautions have not been taken, and in which, at the end of a year, the toads have been found alive and well.

Besides the toads enclosed in stone and wood, four others were placed each in a small basin of plaster of Paris, four inches deep and five inches in diameter, having a cover of the same material carefully luted round with clay; these were buried at the same time and in the same place with the blocks of stone, and on being examined at the same time with them in December, 1826, two of the toads were dead, the other two alive, but much emaciated. We can only collect from this experiment, that a thin plate of plaster of Paris is penetrable to air in a sufficient degree to maintain the life of a toad for thirteen months.

In the 19th Vol. No. 1, p. 167, of *Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts*, David Thomas, Esq. has published some observations on frogs and toads in stone and solid earth, enumerating several authentic and well attested cases; these, however, amount to no more than a repetition of the facts so often stated and admitted to be true, viz. that torpid reptiles occur in cavities of stone, and at the depth of many feet in soil and earth; but, they state not any thing to disprove the possibility of a small aperture, by which these cavities may have had communication with the external surface, and insects have been admitted.

The attention of the discoverer is always directed more to the toad than to the minutiae of the state of the cavity in which it was contained.

In the *Literary Gazette* of March 12, 1831, p. 169, there is a very interesting account of the habits of a tame male toad, that was domesticated and carefully observed during almost two years, by Mr. F. C. Henshaw. During two winters, from November to March, he ate no food, though he did not become tor-

pid, but grew thin and moved much less than at other times. During the winter of 1828, he gradually lost his appetite and gradually recovered it. He was well fed during two summers, and after the end of the second winter, on the 29th of March, 1829, he was found dead. His death was apparently caused by an unusually long continuance of severe weather, which seemed to exhaust him before his natural appetite returned. He could not have died from starvation, for the day before his death he refused a lively fly.

Dr. Townson also, in his tracts on Natural History, (London, 1799,) records a series of observations which he made on tame frogs, and also on some toads; these were directed chiefly to the very absorbent power of the skin of these reptiles, and show that they take in and reject liquids, through their skin alone, by a rapid process of absorption and evaporation,—a frog absorbing sometimes in half an hour as much as half its own weight, and in a few hours the whole of its own weight of water, and nearly as rapidly giving it off when placed in any position that is warm and removed from moisture. Dr. T. contends that as the frog tribe never drink water, this fluid must be supplied by means of absorption through the skin. Both frogs and toads have a large bladder, which is often found full of water; "whatever this fluid may be, (he says,) it is as pure as distilled water, and equally tasteless; this I assert as well of that of the toad which I have often tasted, as that of frogs."

AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

On the Cultivation of Beets and the Manufacture of Sugar; by M. Girardin.—In the year 1829—30, nearly two hundred sugar manufactories in France produced from nine to ten millions of kilograms of beet sugar, and it is believed that in 1830—31, two hundred and eighteen manufactories were in active operation. This business has now become accessory to farming labor, and may be usefully combined with the work of a farm of moderate size, on which from seventy-five to one hundred thousand kilograms of root can be raised. It is advisable that neighboring farmers unite in the establishment of a common manufactory, dividing the sugar and the remains of the beet in proportion to the quantity of roots respectively furnished.

The identity of the pure sugar of beet and of cane is now chemically demonstrated. There remains, however, in all sugars, a slight mixture of foreign matters, and this furnishes the means of detecting their origin. M. Dubrunfaut points out two means of testing:

1st. Heat nitric acid at 25 deg. on sugar until the red vapors cease; if the liquor then presents a white precipitate, which settles at the bottom of the flask, it may be affirmed to be beet sugar. The precipitate is oxalate of lime, which is not found in cane sugar.

2d. To a solution of sugar in distilled water, add a few drops of sub-acetate of lead; the foreign matters of the sugar will combine with the lead, and they are always more abundant in beet sugar than in that of cane. They are precipitated by a few hours rest in beet sugar, and remain suspended in that of cane.

Roots which grow much out of the ground, yield less good sugar than those which are well buried. Those which grow upon richly manured land run much to leaf, but their juice is less rich in sugar and more abundant in mucilage. A calcareous soil appears to be the best for the cultivation of sugar beets. The year 1829, the autumn of which was very wet, gave, contrary to expectation, a sugar harvest equal to common years.

The molasses of beets has been advantageously used in fodder with cut straw. The pulp makes a valuable manure for clayey and close bound soils.

Some sow the seeds in beds and transplant the roots, but the greater number of cultivators prefer sowing them in place.—*Bib. Univ. Mai, 1832.*

ASTRONOMY.

Medal for Discovery of Comets.—The king of Denmark, to whom astronomy is under numerous obligations, offers a gold medal, of the weight of twenty ducats, to any one who shall have found the first comet whose revolution is not yet known, and which is not visible to the naked eye. The discoverer must give immediate information to the counsellor of state, Schumacher. The medal will be decreed six months after the discovery, to give time for verification and determination of just claims.—*Id.*

IDEAS.—An idea is the image of any thing impressed on the mind, and being the subject of thought. Ideas are simple or complex.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the American Journal of Science and Arts.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF DR. G. SPURZHEIM.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM THE ORATION OF PROFESSOR CHAS. FOLLES, DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL.

(Continued.)

"From London Dr. Spurzheim went to Bath, Bristol, Cork, and Dublin, where also he delivered lectures. He then proceeded to Edinburgh. His desire to visit that city was increased by a very abusive article on phrenology, which had appeared in the Edinburgh Review, for June, 1815, concluding with the confident assertion of the writer, that his statement of the doctrine of phrenology could leave no doubt, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the author."

"Dr. Spurzheim obtained one letter of introduction for that city, and but one; that was to the reputed author of the vituperating essay. He visited him, and obtained permission to dissect a brain in his presence. He succeeded in convincing some of his hearers of the truth of the results of his researches. A second day was named. The room was crowded to overflowing. There, with the Edinburgh Review in one hand, and a brain in the other, he opposed fact to assertion. The writer of the article still believed the Edinburgh Review, but the public believed the anatomist. Dr. Spurzheim now opened a course of lectures on the anatomy and the functions of the brain, and its connection with the mind. He used to say to the Scotch, 'You are slow, but you are sure. I must remain some time with you, and then I will leave the fruit of my labors to ripen in your hands. This is the spot from which, as from a centre, the doctrine of phrenology shall spread over Britain.'

"Edinburgh, the city from which the great anathema had issued against phrenology, actually became the principal seat of it. There, in 1820, a phrenological society was formed, at the head of which stands Mr. G. Combe, extensively known by his interesting works; and there a phrenological journal continues to be published.

"After a residence of seven months at Edinburgh, Dr. Spurzheim returned, in 1817, to London, where his doctrine had meanwhile made many converts, and where he was made Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. During the three years of his residence in England, he published several works on Phrenology, particularly one under the title, *The Physiognomical System*, of which he afterwards published an abstract (*Outline of the Physiognomical System*.) He also wrote in defence of his principles, his *Examination of the Objections made in Great Britain against Phrenology*.

"Dr. Spurzheim returned to Paris in 1817, where he gave lectures on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the brain. He also devoted himself to the practice of medicine, and visited, in this capacity, several American families then residing in Paris. Still the medical profession did not seem to be his favorite occupation. At the same time he published some new works in French, and became Doctor of Medicine at the University of Paris, in 1821.

"In Paris, Dr. Spurzheim married a lady of great merit. She was a widow and had three daughters when he married her. Dr. Spurzheim had no children of his own. Several ladies of this city, who were introduced to Mrs. Spurzheim in Paris and in London, remember her with the highest esteem and delight. Her whole manner expressed a union of true humanity, tender attachment, and conscious power, which excited at once affection and confidence. She entered fully into her husband's pursuits, and aided him by her uncommon skill in drawing. To her pencil we are indebted for a number of those excellent drawings used by Dr. Spurzheim in his lectures. But far more important to him was the aid which he derived from the unseen and inexhaustible treasures of a true and devoted heart. It was often observed how well their characters seemed to be fitted for each other. They were both aepus in that profoundest of all sciences, and most pleasing of all the fine arts—Christian benevolence shown forth in beautiful manners. It is characteristic of Dr. Spurzheim, that one of the reasons which influenced him in the choice of his wife, was the knowledge that she had undergone great suffering, which he thought essential to the perception of human nature. An ancient philosopher thought that no one could become a good physician, who had not himself endured many diseases. Whatever be the merits of this speculation, as regards the medical profession, it is certainly true in morals—that no one can so readily perceive and deeply understand, and so successfully alleviate the sufferings of others, as he himself who is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Dr. Spurzheim was devotedly attached to his wife, and he remained so after her death to the end of his own life. While he was in this country, though surrounded by many whom he soon made his friends, he often mourned the loneliness of his situation, particularly when indisposition, or fatigue, made him long after those small services of domestic affection and ever

watchful care, of which those who devote themselves wholly to one of the great general interests of mankind, be it the cause of religion or of science, stand in special need—that wholesome atmosphere of constant love, the absence of which seems to be felt more painfully the more unconscious we are while we inhale it. In his last sickness, he, in a mournful manner, ascribed his illness to the want of warm linen on his return from his lectures, saying with a sigh, that if his wife had been living, it would have been before the fire ready for him. The disease of his heart he ascribed to his loss of her, saying, his pulse had intermitted ever since her death.

"The death of his wife, which took place about three years since, seemed to remind him more strongly that his life and his labors belonged to all mankind, whose vital interests he thought most effectually to promote by developing particularly the principles of education, morality, and religion, to which his studies of human nature had led him. He had visited England again in 1815, and was engaged partly in lecturing, and partly in the publication of different books. The first work he had published in England, *The Physiognomical System*, contained several summary views of the branches of anthropology, which he now endeavored to make more generally appreciated, by extending the principal chapters, and making them separate books. In one of them, *Phrenology*, he treats of the different powers of the mind, and their cerebral organs, in general. A smaller book, *Outline of Phrenology*, is an abstract of that work. The two principal doctrines of Phrenology, that of the brain, and that of the mind, were carried out in different works.

"In his *Anatomy of the Brain*, he laid down his and Gall's investigations of the brain and the nervous system. On the other hand, the doctrine of the mind, with its practical bearings on religion and morality, is carried out in his *Philosophical Principles of Phrenology*. The same principles, in a more condensed and practical form, are set forth in his *Philosophical Catechism of the Natural Laws of Man*. The subject of education, on which he rested all his philanthropic hopes, was treated of in his *Elementary Principles of Education*, a book full of the most important information, and excellent counsel. The deranged functions of the brain is the subject of his interesting work on *Insanity*, for which his frequent visits at the Insane Hospitals afforded him a great number of important observations. All the works which Dr. Spurzheim edited after his separation from Dr. Gall in the year 1813, show a spirit of free and indefatigable inquiry. The improvement in the anatomy of the brain, was chiefly Spurzheim's work; he also discriminated more minutely between different faculties of the mind which Gall had confounded, and he endeavored to point out their relation to the development of the brain; he moreover brought method and order into the scattered doctrines of Phrenology.

"So great was the interest excited by his lectures, on his second visit to England, that in 1826, when he delivered his course in London, 'not only the large lecture-room of the London Institution, but all the staircases, corridors, and passages leading to it, were filled with hearers.' Still, from the nature of the science itself, which requires constant, extensive, and minute study, it was to be expected that many of those who had been induced to embrace it either by the eloquence of the celebrated teacher, or by a partial success in their own phrenological societies, formed during the full tide of popularity, dwindled away until they wholly disappeared. Still in Edinburgh, which city Dr. Spurzheim again visited in 1828, the study of Phrenology is pursued with unabated ardor and diligence. From England Dr. Spurzheim returned to Paris, where he continued to lecture, and where he had collected a large phrenological cabinet.

"In the summer of the present year, Dr. Spurzheim came to this country, where lectures on Phrenology had been delivered long before his arrival, and a phrenological society formed at Philadelphia. On board the ship he proved himself a friend in need to a number of poor emigrants, many of whom being taken sick on their passage, experienced his kind and successful medical assistance. Dr. Spurzheim arrived at New-York on the 6th of Aug. st, in the heat of summer, while the cholera was raging there, and immediately went on to New Haven, where he stopped a few days. A letter from one of the most eminent men of Yale College, in whose family Dr. Spurzheim spent much of his time, speaks of the 'amiable, winning simplicity of his manners, and his unpretending good sense, and good feeling.' From New Haven he came on to this city, with which he felt already familiar, through a number of Bostonians, with whom he had become acquainted in Europe. He intended to stay in this country about two years, to lecture in the principal towns, then to visit the different tribes of our Indians; and at last to return to Paris. The easy access which this city presents to so many treasures of science, and it being the place of residence of some of his most intimate friends, gave rise, now and then, to feelings of homesickness; which were soon merged, however, in that universal benevolence which made him consider any portion of the human family with which he happened to be connected, and to whom he could do some good, as his nearest relatives."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Literary Inquirer.

THOUGHTS ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SUGGESTED BY READING HIS LIFE.

Patriots and Statesmen have arisen in all ages of the world. Every people have had their renowned personages; and, at different intervals, men have emerged from obscurity, whose talents and achievements have commanded the respect and the applause of the world. Persons of this class, however, are seen but seldom. They flourish at long intervals, and are generally influenced by some powerful excitement, which stimulates them to the exertion of their minds.

Thus the French revolution called into existence the most splendid talents that were ever displayed by mankind. It broke the shackles which had heretofore bound the human intellect; it kindled every latent spark of genius, and opened a wide field for the exercise of great mental endowments. 'T was while the armies of France were meeting, in the conflict of battle, the forces of Austria and Prussia; while Murat, Danton, and Robespierre were devising schemes to depopulate one of the fairest countries of the world; and while war was rolling, in devastating fury, over all Europe; that France, for the first time, was heard to resound with the name of Napoleon.

This extraordinary man, while at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, was distinguished by his close application to the sciences. During his academical course he possessed but few intimate friends. His spirit was too lofty and commanding to indulge in low familiarity with his associates, although he was not deficient in courtesy, where courtesy was due. To a firm and robust constitution, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue, he added a mind ardent and enterprising, and stamped with decision as if by the impress of the deity. With qualities like these, at such a time, when all Europe was in agitation, he easily acquired an ascendancy over the French people, soon rose to power, and was enabled to ride triumphantly over the menacing waves of anarchy and confusion, which were madly dashing around him, and to plant his foot on the firm basis of an imperial throne.

In whatever character or capacity he exhibited himself, his genius appears alike resplendent. Was he an egotist? he knew that his own glory was intimately connected with the honor and prosperity of his country. Was self-interest his ruling passion? he was well aware that with him France would rise to empire, and that her grandeur would be reflected on her sovereign. With this view, he wished to place her at the head of the world, and to have her descend to posterity the brightest star in the constellation of nations.

Shall we view him as a politician? Where shall we find the man who embraced so extensive a policy—who presided so successfully in the halls of legislation—who had the genius to contrive, or the skill to execute, such astonishing political projects? If he robbed France of the bright gem of liberty, he did much in reparation; he established seminaries of learning, founded civil institutions, and gave to the people a code of laws.

But behold him as a warrior! Here he appears in unrivaled splendor. It seems as if this was the element for which nature had designed him. The flower and prime of his youth were spent in gathering the laurels of military renown. The hard-fought field proclaimed him victor; the Northern Autocrat bowed to his superiority at the battle of Austerlitz; and the iron-breasted Austrians quailed before him on the bloody plains of Marengo. Conciliating the French people by these brilliant achievements, he was rapidly striding on to power; and was soon seen sitting upon an imperial throne, directing the destinies of Europe.

Here he sat, like Jove on the summit of Olympus, and thundered forth his will. He commanded, and was obeyed. Would he raise an army? His behest

went forth, and myriads stood before him. Would he attack the gigantic power of Russia? Half a million of soldiers clustered round his banners, to fight and to die for their favorite commander. Long and weary was the march, when he and they left their native land, and crossed the territories of another nation, to assail the Russian in his den. With unparalleled heroism and resolution he led his army through the almost impassable forests of Russia, to the interior of this dreary country. Neither the carnage of Smolensk, nor the thunders of Baradino could intimidate him. His destination was onward, until he sat in the palace of the Czars, and his imperial banner floated on the breezes of Moscow.

After the destruction of this city, a few years passed, in which he was successively defeated, banished, and again established on the throne, until his power was for ever crushed by the decisive battle of Waterloo. And where do we then find Napoleon? The roar of the cannon has ceased on the plain; the trumpet of battle has passed away; the exulting shouts of a victorious soldiery are heard throughout Europe; and France, but a short time since the mistress of the world, is overrun by the invader. But where is her Emperor? Where is he who lately marched in triumph at the head of her armies, and expelled the insulting foe?

About this time a gallant vessel might be seen proudly stemming the fierce and raging billows of the Atlantic, far off the coast of France. The cross and lion waving at her mast, told she was from Britannia's shore. Aboard that vessel there were hearts as light as were ever borne o'er ocean's waves. There were heard the loud rough voice of the admiral issuing his commands, and the whistling of the jovial seaman as he climbed the lofty mast. There the wine stood sparkling in the goblet, and the game of chess went lively round the board. But there was one whose heart was sad; who, although grief was not depicted on his countenance, although his step was firm and stately, yet betrayed the disappointment that was preying at the heart. This one was Napoleon. He was going to his last, long home, whence he never should return! He paced the deck of the majestic vessel, as her prow was fast clearing the dark billows of the ocean. And as the fertile vine hills and valleys of France caught his eye, he paused—and bent a last, aching gaze upon the beautiful scenery of that delightful land. Oh! how agonizing must have been that gaze! How sickening the thought, that those plains, and hills, and valleys, now growing dim in the distance, were beheld for the last time! Soon they passed for ever from his view; and the boundless expanse of sky and ocean was all that met his eye, until greeted by the rock-bound coast and rugged cliffs of St. Helena.

Here, a few short years rolled over him, while care, grief, and disappointment were making successive inroads on his hardy constitution. His mortal existence was destined soon to close. The stern tyrant, Death, had marked him for his prey. With iron hand he raised his never-failing dart above the warrior's brow, and beneath the blow was destined soon to fall the hero of a hundred battles.

The fourth of May, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, brought with it a dreadful tempest. The favorite willow of the emperor, beneath whose branches he was wont to sit and enjoy the refreshing breeze, was uprooted by the violence of the wind; and all the island bore marks of the desolating ravages of the hurricane. The 5th of May arrived; but the storm of the preceding day had not abated. The rain poured down in torrents; the wind roared around the crags and down the awful precipices of the island with unexampled fury; the darkened waters raged, and beat upon the shore;

the elements seemed to rise, as if conscious of their task, to bear Napoleon's spirit to the God who gave it.

Thus closed the existence of a man, at once the terror of Europe and the benefactor of France. In his character we find some things to censure, and many to admire. As commander of the armies of the French republic, he had rode upon the waves of the Mediterranean, and had carried into Egypt the knowledge of his country's power. He had dwelt among the pyramids of the East, he had traversed over the land of Canaan, and had encamped where the ancient Israelites had encamped before him, and where the smoke of their incense had ascended from a thousand hills. He had stood upon the Pyramids. He had mounted the "everlasting Alp." He had poised the cup of his fury upon the classic plains of Italy. The "Eternal City" had opened her gates to the god-like man, and he had sat among the bards and sages of antiquity, and drunk the ambitious spirit of a Caesar and a Pompey. He had swept his arm in wrath across the world. But Death had finally laid him low. His sun, shorn of his beams, had gone down upon a western isle. There he now reposes, far from his country, on a stranger's shore. His friends are debarred from the sad, but soothing consolation of dropping the tear of regret over him whom they loved. His wife and boy mourn their absent lord, while he sleeps in the cold recesses of the tomb.

Well may the stranger, who visits St. Helena, respectfully pause, as he stands upon the grave of a man, who was once the monarch of Europe. Well may he pluck a sprig of the bending willow that waves over the Exile's head, and preserve it as a memorial of him who gave laws to the world.

D.
Buffalo, March 6, 1833.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. A. Gordon's fourth letter on Botany, and the communication of "Numericus," are unavoidably postponed until the next number.

We shall be happy to hear again from "D."

The communication of "a friendly Mechanic" has been received, and will, if necessary, be inserted in our next number. To that numerous, respectable, and intelligent class of citizens—the Mechanics of Buffalo, we take this opportunity of tendering our best thanks for the promptitude and efficiency with which they have advocated the cause, and promoted the interests of the Literary Inquirer. Within the last few weeks schemes have been devised and measures adopted, by some on whom we once confidently relied for support and assistance, in order to "break down" our paper and reduce its proprietor to beggary and ruin. But in one respect the attempt has been defeated, yea, more than defeated; for it has resulted in the addition of nearly thirty names to our subscription list. The noble and spirited manner in which so many of "OUR BROTHER MECHANICS" have volunteered their aid, while it has convinced us that they at least do not sympathize in the feelings of the adverse party, has also laid us under an amount of obligation the remembrance of which we shall ever most gratefully cherish. If there is any one class of the community whose patronage we should prefer to that of every other, it is the class to which we and our "friendly" correspondent belong—it is the class which has thus ably and successfully advocated our cause, and rescued the Inquirer from the "downfall" prepared for it by its interested and ungenerous opponents. We have no doubt but that "the question" to which our correspondent refers, will be decided in so satisfactory a manner as to render it unnecessary formally to appeal to "our brother Mechanics," to whom, however, we shall feel justified in having recourse, if certain measures now in progress should result differently from what we anticipate. It affords us very sincere pleasure to find that our efforts are so highly appreciated by the large and influential body of Mechanics. We have the privilege to reckon amongst our patrons many of the most respectable Merchants and Mechanics in the city, and we shall constantly have an eye to their interests in the articles we select for the Inquirer.

AGENTS FOR THE LITERARY INQUIRER.—Rochester: Alexander Gordon, Rochester Nursery—Cleveland: Edward H. Thompson—Clinton: B. Hickeox, P.M.—Dunkirk: Ezra Williams, P.M.—Springville: E. Mack, P.M.—Westfield: F. Denning, P.M.—North Boston: R. B. Edmunds, P.M.—Lockport: M. H. Tucker—Silver Creek: J. Elsworth, P.M.—Eden: S. Mallory, P.M.—Evans: W. Van Duzer, P.M.—Pen-Yan: T. H. Bassett—Jamestown: Assistant Post Master.

** Other Postmasters in this and the surrounding countries, willing to become Agents for the Literary Inquirer, are requested to forward their names immediately.

BUFFALO LYCEUM.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE
ON THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS, DELIVERED
BY THE REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

The philanthropist, while examining the condition of the world, has reason to rejoice that knowledge has already accomplished much. It has effected a mighty revolution. This can be more powerfully realized, if you will but contrast in your minds, the condition of past ages and the condition of the present, and mark the difference. In these times, the sun of knowledge is fast tending to glory; and no longer wades amid the clouds of rapine and cruelty, which filled the atmosphere of past ages. It is pouring its choicest blessings upon mankind. It has strengthened society. It has ennobled the powers of the heart. It has, in measure, disarmed the warrior. It has penetrated into the dark places of ignorance, and purified them with its gentle healing. Our country is peculiarly blessed in this respect. She seems to be a favorite, if indeed knowledge has partiality for any among the number of those who seek her. In this land, the means of knowledge are infinite. The fountain of scientific attainment can be reached by all. No fettering of the press can breathe the air of this country. No tyrant's seal can stamp every page that is sent into community with its pollution.

The free dissemination of knowledge is the very foundation of our liberty. It is the sun of our freedom. Accordingly, it becomes us to cherish every means which will tend to its advancement. It is an obvious truth, that *that* people approximate the nearest to true freedom, who have the fewest laws, and least need of those few laws—who govern themselves, thereby superseding the necessity of prisons—who have no employment for officers, but to see that the affairs of government pass on in harmony.

But how is this object to be effected? How are men to be made their own governors? By enlightening the mind, by pouring knowledge into it from every department of science, thus rendering it superior to, and giving it supremacy over, the passions of the body. Cultivate the mind. This is the true safeguard of our freedom. Its culture is the continued growth of our freedom—its neglect is our political death. Therefore it becomes every individual, as a member of this great Republic, to pay all possible attention to the cultivation of his mind, by using materials from every stream of science. That the mind, like the body, is susceptible of cultivation, and can be brought to maturity, and its flowers made to expand beneath the genial warmth of the sun of knowledge, is a fact so obvious as to need no proof. Let a person be confined; let his limbs be fettered, and all the efforts of nature to attain perfection are cramped, and rendered of no avail. He is a puny sickly thing, while his organization remains undeveloped and incomplete. On the contrary, let a person pursue cleanliness, temperance, and a generous exercise, and straightway the chest expands itself boldly, the limbs become vigorous, and the muscles powerful. So with the mind. Let a mind, I care not how strong may be its powers, be fed with the common trash of the day—novels, whose greatest excellence and chiefest glory consist in a ghost story, a murder, and a monastery, and it will become weak, timid; while its diseased imagination will perceive a ghost in every shadow, and a king or prince in every laborer in the streets. On the contrary, let the same mind be filled with the noble food of nature, of astronomy, of physiology, of the common duties of life and morality—in fact, of philosophy in all its branches, and it will become bright and vigorous—its powers will be expanded—it will sparkle and flash with genius, like a diamond fresh from the hands of the polisher.

The mind, with great propriety, has often been compared to a piece of white paper, which tenaciously retains every impression made upon it, whether of beauty or of blot. Therefore if every person endeavors to write knowledge upon the paper of the mind, he will be engaged in a glorious work; no less than that of heaping to himself new sources of pleasure, of steeling his mind against error and superstition and preparing it to receive the truth, of adding to his country's glory and freedom. But in objection to this, there may be many in the community, and possibly some before me, who assert that they have no time to devote to scientific attainments, and that they are past the age of learning. Both these objections are fallacious. To be sure, day after day may not be spent in poring over the page of abstruse study, but yet a little time may be given to the acquirement of intelligence. One hour a day amounts to fifteen days in a year, and in ten years to one hundred and fifty-two days. During this time, if it be properly devoted, much information can be gained. And who is there that cannot, by economy, spend more than one hour in a day?

The objection of being past the age of learning is equally fallacious. Look around you. See the number of men that have become great solely by their own exertions; by the mere dint of industry. Many, who have had the road to science clearly open before them, and nothing to do but to march directly onward, have failed from the very flowers that were scattered in thick profusion along their path. Others have had to climb a precipice, bold and rugged, in order to reach the floor of the temple. But their difficulties have only had the tendency to make them grasp the

twigs and shoots of knowledge more desperately. And they have surmounted the precipice, as numerous instances attest. They have gained their object, and made the hall of legislation tremble beneath their overwhelming eloquence; or else they have discovered new wonders in the astronomical world; or have revolutionized public opinion by the power of patient, laborious thought, more potent than the sceptre or the army. Witness Benjamin Franklin. The very commencement of his career was disastrous. No princely fortune bid the gates of science open for his reception—no powerful friends pushed him along the path of fame. The road of life was open before him; true! but without assistance, and almost without friends, he was to walk it alone. And who would have ever dreamed, that that poor boy, walking in the streets of Philadelphia, with a roll of bread beneath each arm, and eating a third, would have become the giant philosopher, and astonish the world with his philosophical discoveries? No one! Yet that poor boy contained an energy, a spirit of determination, which removed every obstacle, and which, disdaining to be cramped by small evils, though great in the popular eye, looked beyond the obstructions to the end to be attained, and sternly bent every effort to reach *that end*. He succeeded. The printer's boy became king in the dominions of philosophy. The poor lad became rich in the stores of science.

There are other individuals, who might be named, who have risen from nothing, as it were, to glory and honor; but this one is *decent* sufficient. But do not understand me as advancing even the shadow of the idea, that all are to expect to reach the eminence to which they attained; for *all* can not be Franklins, Rushes, Sharps, and Granvilles. But if *all* can not become suns in the intellectual firmament, bright and flashing with the light of lofty genius, yet they may become stars; which, although they may not dissipate the darkness like the sun, yet will shed down a pure and serene light, benign in its influence upon community. Therefore, let all spend what leisure time they have, in the acquirement of useful knowledge, and they will reap therefrom, a benefit more permanent and attracting, than the greatest personal charms. And if this becomes the case, happy will it be for our land. Her freedom will have an imperishable foundation, and exist in a splendid immortality, when monarchies shall have crumbled into the tomb of blank oblivion.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1833.

THE CAUSE OF FARMERS AND THE UNIVERSITY IN TENNESSEE.—We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of two Baccalaureate Addresses, published under the above appropriate title, and pronounced by Philip Lindsley, D.D. President of the University of Nashville—the one on the fourth and the other on the seventh anniversary commencement of that valuable Institution. The perusal of these discourses has afforded us unmingled satisfaction and delight. We were happy to find in them many excellent remarks on "popular education," of which President Lindsley has long been the "public and zealous advocate on all suitable occasions." At present we can only make room for the following brief extract, but we have marked several eloquent paragraphs, with which to enrich future numbers of our paper.

"The grand inquiry of the present enterprising and philanthropic age is—how shall the human race be made better, wiser, happier? Governments are beginning to manifest a deep interest in this momentous theme. Statesmen, as well as philosophers, are studying and devising the ways and means to ameliorate the character and condition of the great mass of the people. All agree that *education* is the instrument to be employed in the work; however much they may differ as to the kind or degree adapted to the purpose.

"Poverty, oppression, crime, are the great *evils* to be eradicated or diminished. We have shown how the two first will disappear under the magic influence of the faithful and talented schoolmaster. And no truth or principle has, perhaps, been more universally admitted by men competent to judge, than that education is the most effectual, if not the only preventive of crime. Education, I mean, physical, moral, intellectual, religious; Which trains youth to habits of industry and morality, as well as to mental effort and discipline: Which instructs them in some useful and honest occupation to live by, as well as imbues their minds with virtuous principles, a taste for knowledge, and a thirst for continued improvement."—(P. 46.)

"* In reply to a question which has been frequently projected, we beg to state, that subscriptions will be considered "in advance" until the end of the present month.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Of this truly "American" and very interesting journal we have received the first four numbers, from the last of which we have extracted the deeply affecting "Tale of Mystery" inserted in a preceding part of our paper. From the prospectus of the work, published in the forty-third page, and from an examination of the numbers already received, we confidently predict that the "North American Magazine" will soon become one of our most popular periodicals. It is edited by Sumner L. Fairfield, whose "Songs to Clara," we are happy to state, have been re-published in the Magazine. We shall willingly show our copy of this valuable work to any who may wish to examine it, and Mr. O. G. Steele will, we doubt not, be happy to forward the names of persons desirous of extending to it their patronage.

* * We take this opportunity of stating, that, if adequate encouragement be given, it is our intention to enlarge the font of smaller type, and to print the whole paper with the greatest possible compactness. We hope to render the Literary Inquirer, in regard both to the quantity of its matter and the quality of its selected articles, equal to any similar work of its size and price in the Union. We have a few copies of the back numbers still remaining, and those who approve our design and wish to aid in its accomplishment, can do so by obtaining *four* subscribers, and forwarding *six dollars*, which will not only entitle themselves to a copy gratis, but render a very essential service to the Proprietor. This increased premium for new subscribers will be allowed only till we obtain a sufficient number to take the remaining copies of our journal.

PREMIUMS.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, a small premium will be given to the writer of the best article for each department of the "Literary Inquirer," which shall be contributed on or before the last day of March next. During the month of April, a committee, chosen from the members of the Buffalo Lyceum, will be requested to award the premiums, and in our first May number the Prize Tale, &c. will be printed.

A Gold Medal, or Twenty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, illustrative of some Fact connected with American History; a Gold Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting Historical Subject; a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent Literary Character; and a Silver Medal, or Five Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some Subject connected with Literature or Science. On the Medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraved suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the contributor, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only." All communications to be addressed (free of postage) to the Editor of the Literary Inquirer, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

* * Should our Journal meet with that support and encouragement which we confidently anticipate, it is our intention next year to vary the subjects and to double the amount of the Premiums.

Editor with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—The advertisement of this interesting periodical will be found in a preceding page. The March number has not yet reached us, but we are happy to learn from the *Pennsylvanian*, that it "is superior, in some respects, to its predecessors, and is highly creditable to the taste and enterprise of the publishers. The frontispiece is a pretty specimen of the arts; the literary part of the work is as usual excellent."

POETRY.

AGE AND YOUTH.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Crabbed age and youth
Can not live together."—*Shakespeare.*

Subtle master, fine Unraveler
Of the golden web of truth!
Nature's never-tiring Traveler—
Poet!—thou hast spoken sooth.
Let who doubt, resolve me whether
Crabbed Age and careless Youth
Ever lived in love together!

Crabbed Age!—ah, Youth! I grant you,
Crabbed Age can ne'er enchant you:
Put the Age that is not soured,
Though its hopes were all deflowered;
Age that, laughing, limpeth on,
When its speed and strength are gone;
Age whose brow of sagest form
Whitens as the heart grows warm;
Age that deigns to jest and smile,
Looking wisdom all the while;
Age that feels its blood run brightly,
Romping with mad Childhood nightly;
That devotes its latest leisure,
Not to hoard, but give its treasure;
Age that, hailing endless blessings,
Hangs on Time with fond caressings—
Loving life, and all that's in it,
More and more each golden minute;
Age like this!—ah! tell me, Youth—
Tell me now a pleasant truth—
Can not Youth and Age like this
Live together—linked in bliss?

Age is sacred: but the morrow,
That o'erlooks thy twilight, Earth,—
Is it one of shade and sorrow,
That old Life should lose its mirth,
Like a hermit, counting years
On a rosary of tears?
No: upon its pilgrimage,
Sunny Youth or autumnal Age,
Still should lead our life along,
Whispering aye this self-same song—
"Nature is a joyous thing!"
This, if Age should fail to sing,
Youth, with warm and happy veins,
Carols such enchanting strains,
Age might aye delighted live
On the echoes that they give!

From the Kentuckian.

THE BROKEN HEART.

They watch the sickly smile that wreathes
Around my lip its light;
And fondly hope its lustre breathes
A ray of past delight.
They gaze upon the hectic glow,
That tints my pallid cheeks;
And deem it is of health, nor know
The strife of heart it speaks.
Because I do not breathe my pain,
They think that I'm at rest;
That faded hopes will bud again,
And bloom within my breast;
That in the gay and festive throng
My sorrows will depart;
And dream with idle mirth and song,
To heal a broken heart.

VANITY.

I gazed upon a female form
As youth and wealth had found her,
The glow upon her cheek was warm,
And beauty's charm was round her.
Her eye was bright, her brow was fair,
But something still was wanting;
Vanity had made its inroad there,
The thought—the mind were wanting.

MISCELLANY.

DR. MARSHMAN.—Dr. Joshua Marshman was one of the first missionaries to Calcutta, and was instrumental in forming and establishing the now flourishing society in Serampore.

The following extract from a letter of a young friend, who resides near the Doctor, in India, may afford interest, particularly as the fact it relates comes well authenticated. He says he often alludes to the fact in the course of conversation. It may afford encouragement and inducement to some, to apply themselves diligently to the improvement of the mind.

"I was eight years old," says the Doctor, "and one evening my father related to me the story of David and Goliath, and afterwards, at my request, pointed it out to me in the Bible. I read it immediately, and wishing to know how it came about, went back several chapters, and got all the story. This roused my curiosity so much, that in thirteen months I found time to read all the history in the Old Testament, which I have never since forgotten. Soon after this happened, I went to Marsh fair, where there chanced to be an old book stall. I had never thought there were so many books in the whole world, and I quickly commenced an examination of them. I found, amongst others, 'The Annals of English History,' in turning over which, I lighted on the story of the 'Achievements of Wallace,' with which I was so fascinated, that I remained standing at the stall two hours, until I had finished reading it. From this time, I used to search every house to which I had access for books, and at Baker Ingram's found several, all of which I read again and again. One or two of these related to the east, and others were, 'Robin Hood's Garland,' 'Delfe's History of the Devil,' and 'Marmontel's Lelisarius.' One Sabbath day, a boy named Robbins, enticed me to dine with him, by promising to show me some books, though I was almost certain of getting a beating when I returned. He lent me a novel called 'Cynthia.' At this time I was about nine years and a half old. One Sabbath, at church, being in a strange seat, I discovered in a Bible the 'Apocrypha,' which I had never before seen. With this I was perfectly delighted, and used to go home and swallow my dinner as fast as possible, and run to the meeting in order to read it. Mr. Marshman (a minister who preached in the vicinity, and a relation of the Doctor's) having heard how much I was attached to reading, brought me several books, and amongst others, 'Josephus,' and a thin quarto 'Salmon's Geography;' the latter of these I used to carry buttoned up between my waistcoat and my shirt, and by so doing it had at last scarcely a straight leaf in it; consequently I gained a bad name for my usage of books."

It may not be generally known, that Dr. Marshman is now acquainted with thirteen different languages, and that he has, in connection with his venerable colleague, (Dr. Carey,) translated the Bible into about the same number of tongues; thus, without any of those advantages for acquiring literary attainments which many enjoy, without the opportunities of studying at school, without those aids in science, &c. with which our academies abound, and our youth are so highly favored, he has risen to that exalted station which he has so long and honorably maintained. Surely he may be held up as an example to others, and in him we find remarkably exemplified the happy effects of *self-cultivation*.—From the *World*.

EDUCATION.—Lycurgus esteemed it one of the greatest duties of a legislator, to form regulations for the education of the Spartan children. His grand maxim was, "that children were the property of the state, to which alone their education was to be entrusted." In their infancy, the nurses were instructed to indulge them neither in their diet nor in those little froward humors which are so peculiar to that age; to insure them to bear cold and fasting; to conquer their fears by accustoming them to solitude and darkness. Their diet and clothing were just sufficient to support nature, and defend them from the inclemency of the seasons. Their sports and exercises were such as contributed to render their limbs supple, and their bodies compact and firm. Their learning was sufficient for their occasions, for Lycurgus admitted nothing but what was truly useful. They trained them up in the best of sciences, the principles of wisdom and virtue.—Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being asked what he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, "What they ought to do when they come to be men." Thus, useful, not extensive or ostentatious learning is the best.—*Rev. C. Buck.*

A PRODIGY IN PAPERS.—At White Hall Mill, in Derbyshire, England, a sheet of paper was manufactured last year, which measured 13,300 feet in length, four feet in width, and would cover an acre of ground. In these days, one would hardly be surprised to see a new penny periodical started on a sheet of the above dimensions. Such a paper, however moderate in its politics, must of necessity go *great lengths*, and covering, as it is said to do, an *acre* of ground, must have an extraordinary *wiseacre* as its editor. The contributors to cheap periodicals must commence writing by the *foot*; no difficult matter to them, as writing by the *head* seems to be their grand difficulty.—*Nat. Gaz.*

LAZINESS.—Dr. Hale used to say, that "laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. I have experienced (he observed) that the more business a man has the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time; that is a talent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account."

METAPHYSICS.—The science of metaphysics must always keep, with the enlightened few, a rank above all those that treat of inferior subjects, to that greatest one of all, the operations of mind and spirit. He who has never studied the philosophy of his own mind, is as much inferior to him who understands it, as the lubberly passenger in a ship is to the enlightened navigator; neither, it is true, can control the winds, nor clear away clouds from the stars; but without any such visionary powers as these, there remains an immense difference between being driven through one's course ignorantly and incuriously, by impulses of whose nature and limits we have no conception, and profiting by our intelligence of the same impulses, and when we can not suit them to our purposes, accommodating our purposes to them.—*Louisville Herald*.

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

NATURAL HISTORY.—*Luxury among the Birds.*—The notion of the Indian Ixia lighting up its nest with a glow-worm, has usually been considered a popular fable; but the conductors of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" state, that an informant of theirs, a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found when he took away the glow-worm out of a nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another, which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERIES.—We understand that within the last week Sir David Brewster has made two very remarkable discoveries, which promise to be of some use to science. In a new salt discovered by Dr. William Gregory, viz.—an oxalate of chromium and potash, he has detected the extraordinary property that one of its images formed by double refraction is of a bright scarlet, while the other image is of a bright blue color. In examining the pure liquid, anhydrous acid, prepared in the manner which is supposed to yield it in its purest state, he found that the acid consisted of two separate fluids, one of which was heavier than the other, and possessed a much higher refractive power. When the two fluids were shaken, they formed an imperfect union, and separated again by being allowed to remain at rest. What the second fluid is, remains to be investigated; it may perhaps turn out to be an entirely new substance. Its physical properties are now under investigation.—*Caled. Merc.*

The LITERARY INQUIRER is published every other Tuesday, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, at *One Dollar and a Half* per annum, if paid in advance; or *Two Dollars* per annum, if paid at the end of the year.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, unless paid in advance, and at the rate of two dollars per annum; and no paper discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

PREMIUM FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—Every person obtaining four Subscribers, and forwarding Six Dollars, shall receive a fifth copy gratis.

Orders and Communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Proprietor, W. Verrinder, 214, Main-st.